

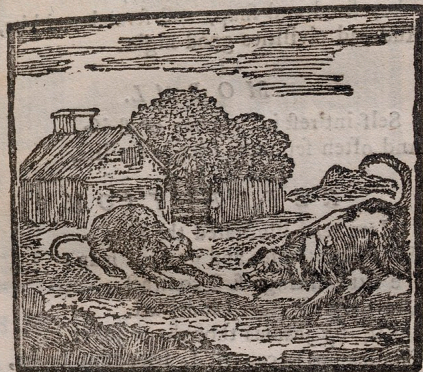
cured you of that complaint, says *Woglog* ? the lady blushed and took a turn on the grand parade, while *Woglog* slept into Mr. *Leake's* to read one of Mr. *Newbery's* little books.

More anecdotes we have respecting Mr. *Woglog's* life, but they must be deferred till another edition of this work is published, which will be in a few days.



FABLES

FABLES in VERSE.



The CAT and the DOG.

NEVER yet husband and his dame,
In morn and evening song the same;
Never two infant brats agreed,
So well as *Pusi* and *Pupsey* did;

D

So